

VERMONT FARMER

ROYAL CUMMINGS, Proprietor.
T. H. HOSKINS, M. D., Editor.

NEWPORT, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1871.

VOL. 1, No. 45.
Terms, \$1.00 per Annum.

Vermont Farmer

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT NEWPORT, ORLEANS COUNTY, VT.

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TERMS:—One dollar per annum, payable in advance. All papers discontinued when the time paid for expires.

Advertisements inserted for 50 cents per inch, first insertion; 25 cents per inch, each subsequent insertion. Twelve lines of this size type make an inch.

When a blue cross is made against this paragraph it denotes that the subscription expires the next week. We shall be pleased to have it renewed, and give thus much notice in order that the subscriber need not miss any numbers.

GOLDSMITH MAID.

It is not inappropriate at this time to give a pen picture of this celebrated mare, whose name is now in the mouths of all who admire the beauty, endurance and speed of that animal which, after woman, is "the best gift vouchsafed to man."

The Maid is a little over 13 years of age. Her general color is a bright bay, being very glossy. Her legs are black, with small flecks of white, and any one who has ever seen her will recognize her again by the long, flowing tail, which, when she walks, trails at least six inches on the ground. She is somewhat high near the shoulders and near the flanks, and stands a little over 15 hands, is compactly and neatly made, rather long in the body, and when in condition to suit her trainer and driver, Budd Doble, weighs about 810 pounds. She appears at first glance to be rather delicately made, but this conception is drawn from the form rather than the quality of her make up. Her head and neck are very clean and blood-like, her shoulder sloping and well placed; middle piece tolerably deep at the girth, but so light in the waist as to give her a tucked-up appearance, and one would say a lack of constitution but for the abundant evidence to the contrary; loin and coupling good; quarters of the greyhound order, broad and sinewy. Her limbs are clean, fine-boned and wiry; feet rather small but of good quality. She is high mettled, and takes an abundance of work without flinching. In her highest trotting form, drawn to an edge, she is almost deer-like in appearance, and when scoring for a start and alive to the emergencies of the race, with her great flashing eye and dilated nostril, she is a perfect picture of animation and living beauty. Her gait is long, bold and sweeping, and she is, in the hands of a driver acquainted with her peculiarities, a perfect piece of machinery. She seldom makes an out-and-out break, but frequently makes a skip, and has been accused of losing nothing in either case. Aside from the distinction of having trotted the fastest mile on record, she also enjoys the honor of having made the fastest three consecutive heats ever won in a race, which renders any comments upon her staying qualities unnecessary.

HER PEDIGREE AND HISTORY.

Goldsmith Maid was sired by Edsall's

Humbletonian, afterwards known as Alexander's Abdallah, he by Rysdyk's Humbletonian, and he by Old Abdallah. Her dam was a pure Abdallah. She was bred in the spring of 1857, by John B. Decker, of Sussex Co., N. J., adjoining Orange Co., N. Y., a county celebrated for the excellence of its stock.

At the age of six years she was sold for what has since proved to be a very low figure (\$250) to a son of the original owner, who sold her the next day, while on his way to another part of the county, to Mr. William Thompkins, of Hampden, who paid \$350 for her. Her next owner was Mr. Alden Goldsmith, of the Walnut Grove Stud Farm in Orange Co., who, noticing her build and motion, was so anxious to become her possessor that he gave \$600 for her. Here her racing career really commences, as Mr. Goldsmith at once placed her in training to develop her speed. She remained in the section of her birth, trotting well and steadily up to the fall of 1867, and she was placed under the care of Budd Doble, who has ever since handled her wherever she has appeared, and it is but justice to say that a better driver never drew ribbon or rein than he.

In the fall of 1867 Budd took her to the Providence (R. I.) course and entered her for a purse given for horses that had never beaten 2:30. On that occasion she "went down" to 2:29 3-4.

Her driver had by this time found what was in the Maid, and, the race developing her stepping abilities and swinging stride, she began to attract the attention of racing men. Unlike many trainers, who by a cessation of care and frequent "rests" allow their horses to forget their business, Doble kept her constantly at work, and through the season of the spring of 1868 she was on the go, winning money for her owner, and laurels for herself, until, in the fall of 1868 she was brought under the wire in 2:22 1-4.

Immediately after making this time she was purchased by Doble and Wm. D. Jackman, who became partners.

In the short space of time referred to, the market value of the Maid had risen from \$600 to \$20,000, the latter figure being the price given for her by Doble and Jackman.

In the spring of 1871 she became the property of H. N. Smith, of New York City, the price being variously stated, but believed to have been about \$40,000. Mr. Smith is at present the owner of the Maid.

During 1869 she trotted in 17 races, in 1870 in 16, and up to the present time has trotted 8 this season, and out of the last 24 she has lost but one race.

This is certainly, outside of the recent 2:17 trot, an unparalleled record. Her trotting has been this season very steady, notwithstanding a tendency to "skip and skive," and during the present year, on the Buffalo course, she trotted three straight heats in the rather remarkable time of 2:19 3-4, 2:19 1-4, 2:19—her companion, Lucy, lapping her wheel. On August 28, 1869, two years ago, at the Prospect Park course, she made her mile in 2:20 1-2, being at that time beaten only by a

neck by Lady Thorne, the other trotter being American Girl. She has also appeared upon the track at Point Breeze Park, and has made the mile there in 2:21 1-2, and such was the dread of her speed that the association in arranging their purses for the spring of 1871, offered the purse open to all but Goldsmith Maid and Lady Thorne.

In connection with Goldsmith Maid, and as she was the contestant in the recent race at Cold Spring, Milwaukee, it may not be improper to mention that Lucy is also a bay, fifteen hands three inches high, and was sired by George M. Patchen by Mayday Mare. She is thirteen years old, and was bred in Burlington, N. J.

JUDGES AT FAIRS.

A correspondent of the *Western Rural* says of some of them:—They look more to the notoriety of the owner and the price he gave than to just merit. If a person has a splendid house, decorated with costly furniture, a splendid equipage, with a ten thousand dollar team, his stud, herd or flock corresponding in price, so that the whole establishment can be sanctioned by fashion, he is the man to be appreciated, notwithstanding he is astray from real substance. Such judges have no idea of a breeding animal, in proper store condition, but would rather give the premium to the fattest, even if she was past propagation. The person of influence had paid a fabulous price; he was a man of unbounded means, therefore he must be honored with the prize, while a more humble personage, with far better and more uniform stock, is passed over with derision, because his better judgment keeps him from pampering; thus bringing his stock to show in a natural, and regular breeding state. I have witnessed so much of this in my past experience, that it has made me disgusted with shows and judges. It has given me an inclination to believe that cattle, horses, hogs or sheep thus judged, are doing great injury to the improving community, rather than good. I have seen instances without number, and have no fear in stating these facts for the benefit of the sound, practical breeder, who studies good breeding, and set him up as an example against the novice who glories in his heavy purse, and has the advantage of feeding to excess to meet the fashion, which is established purposely to hide all faults. Name and fashion have been the order of the day, notwithstanding that every man of sense is aware that fashion has been the prevailing evil, and the most flattering snare to entice men to ruin; therefore that man is the safest who breeds cattle on a firm standard, with good judgment to support it.

My impression is that each class of cattle, when brought into the ring should undergo the inspection of the judges, and as soon as they have decided, reporters for agricultural papers should be allowed to examine, and if proper, criticize, as the press is the means to keep judges to their duty.

Novices are afraid of the press, because the time has now arrived when editors cannot be bought off, and are disposed to give

fair play to all discreet discussions, which is the only true course to arrive at facts. Every man has a right to an opinion, but the editor is not responsible for it. He leaves it for others to discuss, and the sooner the discussion is entered into, the better, until the weaker side gives way. The press is the medium for the public to decide by.

UNION AMONG FARMERS.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:—Almost every trade or profession is united for self-protection into societies. Farmers alone work independently of each other; their motto is, "each one for himself," and they act on it. I have known men who, having procured peculiarly fine seed, would put what they did not need into the fire, rather than sell it to their best friends. I never think of asking a market-man, if I know him, how much he is selling for, for no matter how dull the market, he is always getting first prices. Farmers lose greatly by being so disunited, and I think that they are beginning to see it. Let me put some of the benefits of united action before those who have not thought of it: They could get better and more even prices for their produce; we should have a decent market, where we could stay until we had sold out, instead of having to leave at 9 o'clock, *volens volens*—(I am speaking more particularly of our New York market;) we could, in this market, have regular stands which we would always be sure of, instead of having to drive half over the city, and after, with difficulty, procuring a place, and getting ready for customers, be sent off at the instance of some waspish shop-keeper. We might, to go a little outside of farming, have respectable farmers to fill our county offices as assessors, collectors, etc. How it would rejoice my heart to see an intelligent gardener filling the position now assigned to some ignorant, money-loving politician! Consider, ye brethren of the plow, if what I have written is not true. Could not all and much more be accomplished, if we were united and awake to our interests? There are many who have never thought of these things, who know indeed that there are many things in our calling that are uncomfortable, but consider them as incurable; *they are not*, and the remedy is in your hands.

Did the farmers unite, they could take a great deal of the conceit out of the dwellers in cities, who now look down upon the outside world with contempt, quite unconscious of its importance.

"If you don't like the market, stay away, why don't you?" said one of these specimens of brick and mortar, the other day. "Nobody wants you here."

"That's all very well," replied I, "to say to one; but if all were to leave, you might not like it so well."

"Like it! we'd be delighted to clear the streets of 'em. I tell you if every farmer within a hundred miles were to stay away, we'd never feel it."

I can't help thinking that a united farming country would do a great deal to bring these "cityists" to their oats—a consummation most devoutly to be wished, as any country-man will testify.